

*John Trotter*  
**THE STUDENT'S PEN**

APRIL - 1945



**In Memoriam**

**H. D. R.**



# The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XXX

APRIL, 1945

No. 5

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Not a grave of the murdered for freedom,  
 but grows seed for freedom,  
 in its turn to bear seed,  
 Which the winds carry afar and re-sow,  
 and the rains and the snows nourish.  
 Not a disembodied spirit can the weapon of tyrants let loose,  
 But it stalks invisible over the earth, whispering,  
 counselling, cautioning.  
 Liberty! Let others despair of you. I never despair of you.  
 Is the house shut? Is the master away?  
 Nevertheless be ready—be not weary of watching  
 He will soon return—his messengers come anon.

Walt Whitman



## ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

7/30/49 JH

### "Let Us Move Forward"

By Jane Howard

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT was born on January 30, 1882, to one of New York's oldest families. He was a normal, healthy child, who collected birds, stones, and the usual oddities that boys like to collect. He attended Groton School where he accomplished six years work in four, and then went on to Harvard, there becoming editor of the *Harvard Crimson*, and completing the four year course in three. He continued his education at Columbia University School of Law and then entered public life.

In 1917 he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and in September of the following year, two months before the Armistice was signed, he journeyed overseas as the representative of the United States Navy. In August, 1920, he accepted the Democratic vice-presidential nomination, but he and James M. Cox, the presidential nominee, met defeat.

In the summer of 1921, at Campobello, Maine, this vigorous, healthy young man was stricken with infantile paralysis. For the average man this would have been a catastrophe, the end of an active career; but for him it was a challenge which he accepted with dauntless courage. Although confined to a wheel chair, this strong-willed, determined man rose to be a New York State Senator and Governor of the State of New York.

In 1933 Chief Justice Charles Evans

Hughes administered to Franklin Delano Roosevelt the oath of the President of the United States of America. Re-elected in 1936 and again in 1940 and 1944, he led our country through eight years of depression and recovery, and through four years of devastating war.

On April 12, 1945, the freedom-loving nations of the world paused, stunned and shaken by the news of the sudden death of their great leader. His passing is an inestimable loss to our country and to the cause which he served with such courage, wisdom, and devotion.

We students remember no other President. For twelve years we have seen President Roosevelt heading our nation's government. We've seen him smiling in times of trouble; we've seen him standing, hat in hand, waving to thousands of people.

We in school will never forget this great American. President Roosevelt was a man of noble ideals and admirable character. His radiant personality was a strengthening bond in allying the peace-loving nations of the world.

It is for us, to continue his noble work. It is for us future citizens, now in school, to live up to his ideals. It is for us to support our new President. It is for us, the living, to create and maintain a lasting peace for which Franklin Roosevelt gave his life. "Let us move forward with strong and active faith."



## In Our Time

By Leonard Gordon

THE tragic and untimely death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt ends one of the greatest chapters in United States history. It is the story of a man who came when the country was on its knees and lifted her to her proper stature as a leader of the world. With untiring efforts he worked continually to clothe and feed the poor; to better the working conditions of the common laborer; to raise the value of our money and make it sound; to give the farmer a chance to rise to a level of prosperity. Yes, it's all in the books for us to review and for our posterity to marvel at. In spite of his great national interest, he kept an eye open for the security of this hemisphere and all our world possessions. Amidst great criticism the President continued this policy until that day of infamy at Pearl Harbor. Then, undaunted, he commenced the great task of uniting our country's resources for defense and finally for offense. Never a narrow-minded person, he went out to meet the leaders of the world. The fruits borne of these trips are easily seen in the Atlantic

Charter and the vast military victories of our armed forces.

In the face of his overwhelming success it is indeed amazing to realize that Roosevelt performed all his deeds while a cripple in body. Most men would give up if they thought they could never walk again, but not this leader. With unending perseverance he reached the highest office this country has to offer and by popular demand was reelected three times.

Now our great leader is gone—taken to an eternal resting place. His deeds stand out for all to admire and remember. To carry on is our immediate goal for he would have wanted it that way. However, to our children, we can carry the blazing story that once in our time there lived a man who loved all men and who had ideals of lasting peace. He worked incessantly for these causes till he finally exhausted his life's light and went away.

"Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,

And departing, leave behind us

Footprints on the sands of time."

## AMERICA

By Ann Wierum

I want to climb into the hills,  
Striving toward the sky.  
I want to climb and see Our Country  
Stretch before me  
In heart-throbbing majesty.

I want to see the sweeping, waving fields,  
The ice-blue lakes in jagged mountains high  
Between the dark green trees—  
The tall, straight pines.

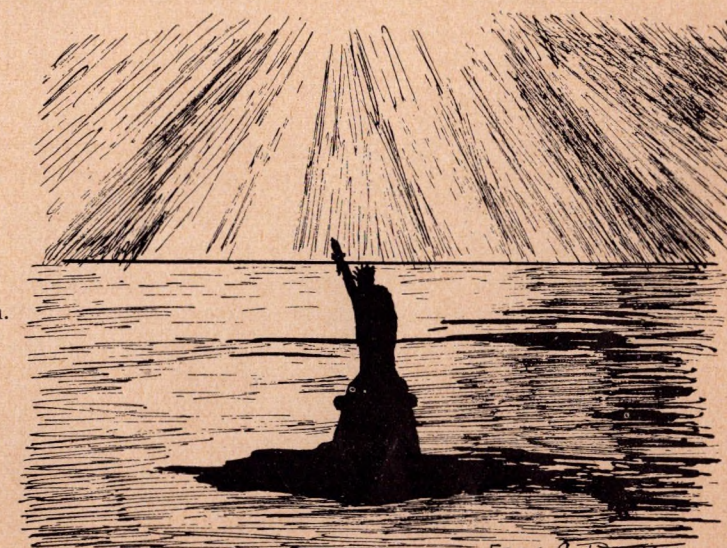


I want to see the river join the sea,  
And the great white surf  
Lash against the haggard sand.  
I want to see Niagara Falls,  
And Boulder Dam in Colorado—  
The magic water with its huge power.  
I want to see Our Country under  
Brilliant blue of western skies  
Hanging like a bowl over  
The mountains sharply high, and



Plains so freely wide—  
Cactus and sagebrush in the brown dust  
Growing side by side.  
I want to get away from cities  
And see Our Country—the part  
That only Nature made.

If I climb real high,  
I can see these things  
In my mind's eye,  
For there's something about those  
hills—  
A sort of proudness, and a freedom.  
And I can see  
Our Country.





## Never One So Sweet

By Mary Ellen Criscitiello

IT is the month of May,—that time of year when the apple and plum trees burst forth in creamy, fragile blossoms to give the world a preview of the goodness and purity of the fruit they will soon bear. It is the month when Nature's children, burnished with the struggle and fierceness of April rain, thrust their heads into the light to receive the heaven's goodness. It is the month of Mary; it is the month of mothers. Though Mother's Day was a holiday designated by man, God's handiwork seems to have played a part in the choosing of this beautiful month so appropriate for mothers.

A mother is defined as: "a female parent, especially one of the human race." This surely seems a crude and ungraceful method of defining one who is our guiding light—a symbol of grace, beauty, and understanding.

What does Mother mean to us today? She is our nurse, our adviser, our companion. Through her teaching we learn; through her example and experience we profit. Let us start from the beginning of our existence. Though at the time we were not aware of our infancy, we soon learned later on the circumstances concerning our debut into the world. Mother cared for us as one might care for a precious jewel, because to her our value was far greater than any valuable stone. She bathed us, fed us, proudly displayed our strong arms and healthy bodies, soothed our fears and our pains, and worried over the first tooth, or scanty amount of hair on our heads. As we passed from infancy into childhood she helpfully suggested playmates, taught us merry songs and exciting games to fill the passing hours. When entrance into marble portals arrived, she graciously accepted the

fact that we would have less time for her; we would experience a little more than the advantages of life, and become susceptible or immune to every contagious disease in existence. She enthusiastically praised the results of our first spelling lesson or cried in disbelief at the sight of our faces and arms covered with rash of measles or scarlet fever. Though we may not believe it, she spent many sleepless hours worrying over our feverish brows or quickened breathing. She clapped vigorously at our first appearance when we displayed in public whatever talents we imagined ourselves to have had. Our scholastic careers in school were always followed with pride for some, and worry for others. When we had our first date it was made clear to her that we were no longer children, but young men and women. Our honors and high achievements have meant much to her and when we finally graduated from high school she knew we must go out into the world. Perhaps ten years ago she might have waved goodbye gaily to us on our departure for college or our first morning of work.

Now she wipes away a tear, swallows hard and smiles sadly as we hop quickly onto a departing train taking us off to war. It is she who faithfully writes to us; it is she who fully realizes our danger; it is she who must read the unwanted telegram that says, "We regret to inform you . . ."

Let us reverence her, appreciate her, love her always, for she is our keeper, the flame that kindles the fire of ambition in our souls, our teacher.

Let us remember, it is May, it is the month of Mary, it is the month of Mother.

## For Jim

By Betty Burgess

I LOVE Prue. There's something sweet about her—she's so gentle and shy, kind and lovable. I wish I could make you see what I mean, but it's not easy when it comes to words. You just have to know her, as I have all my life.

Prue isn't popular. It isn't that she's hard to look at. On the contrary, she has brown hair, a clear complexion, delicate features, and the handsomest is her large, brown, shining eyes that seem to see your very soul. Nor is it because she's so shy that she hides herself behind a book and shuns friends. Rather, the young folk of this generation—the older folk, too—don't understand her simplicity, utter frankness, and unaffected poise. For although Prue is young, she has a wisdom far beyond her years that I, perhaps her most intimate friend, find hard at times to perceive.

Don't let me give you the impression that Prue is a pretty-but-weak little jellyfish, for she isn't. The other day she proved that to me and made me love her the more.

Prue and I always attend our sorority meetings together. This particular night I was early, so instead of waiting at our wonted corner, I kept walking to her house. As I mounted the steps, I noticed the service star in the living room window, and I remembered how deeply fond Prue was of her brother Jim. At times I almost felt pangs of jealousy, for Prue forever idolized her Jim.

She slipped out of the door as soon as I rang the bell.

"Hi," she smiled. "I saw you coming," she explained, seeing my startled expression.

We set out on our walk. Prue seemed, for some reason, older, but I told myself she always had. Once I'd asked her what made her seem that way, but she had just laughed with that soft, merry little chuckle of hers.

This meeting might have been any regular one, but obviously the new business upset Prue. I wasn't paying any attention to it until Prue stood up, and having addressed the President, spoke in a firm, distinct voice:

"I move that we donate the proceeds of our rummage sale to the Red Cross."

"But Prue," piped up Barbara Black—a dark-haired wolfess, who could be, and knew it, a Powers model at least—"Prue, we've now enough money to put on a formal dance for the fraternity boys, and" (lowering her long lashes) "you know how much most of us have been looking forward to this."

Prue smiled, perhaps a little condescendingly. "Must I stress the need of the Red Cross?"

Another, a fat girl named Joanne, shouted, "Must we tell you the campaign is over?"

"It's never over!" Prue declared hotly.

The President banged her gavel. "Girls, we may have a discussion, not a quarrel," and she sat back complacently.

I tried to ask Prue to sit down, but she wouldn't hear me. She had the floor, and she was going to keep it.

She spoke calmly: "Girls—friends—what is a little dance compared with the Red Cross and what the Red Cross does? I'm not going to give you a hackneyed sermon on how much the Red Cross needs your money. But—must we always be selfish? must we always consider our own desires first, foremost, and only? must we be reminded there's a war on? It's not just the Red Cross I'm 'harping' on, it's our—our bigoted, self-centered selves. Most of us have some one in the service. You haven't, Barbara, except maybe a few 'beaux,' as you call them. But they don't mean anything to you, do they? The rest of us—"



Prue sat down suddenly. She was becoming emotional, and she had to borrow my hanky for a minute. However, she didn't get up again.

Our President said, "We will take a vote. All those in favor of having our rummage sale proceeds go to the Red Cross will please signify by raising their right hands . . . Those opposed?"

"Let's go," Pru murmured.

"It's a vote. The proceeds of our rummage sale will go to the Red Cross, by unanimous vote. . ."

## Remembering

By Marian Shannon

MOST of my life was spent in Santa Barbara, California. It is a little town, with a population of about forty thousand, but it is a town that I can never forget. The climate is warm and sunny. Even in winter, where it rains quite a bit, it never gets very cold. It is somewhat like the summer rain in the Berkshires. The foliage is green in winter and brown in summer. This is due to lack of rain in the summertime.

The town is right on the shore and is at the foot of some high mountains.

I can remember going swimming almost every day in the summer and what fun it was to dive through the great waves or ride in on them. I remember the taste of the cold salt water when I got ducked, and how good it felt to dive in on a hot summer day, yet what a shock the cold water was. I remember how good the sun felt when I came out of the water and how easy it was to get a blistering sunburn. I remember how hot the sand was between my toes, and how cool it felt when I dug down deep in it. I remember on a clear

"Let's go," Prue repeated, taking hold of my hand.

We left. Squeezing her hand, I said, "Good work, Prue, I'm proud of you. But—I mean, did you have to bring it up now—I mean—" I felt very awkward and began to wish I hadn't spoken.

Prue looked at the stars. "Perhaps not. I don't know—they all seemed so selfish and trivial, and it just got under my skin. You see, this afternoon Jim was reported killed in action."

day how beautiful the purple islands looked, and how one could see every nook and cranny in them.

I remember the mountains and how purple they looked in the sunset and how blue they looked the rest of the day. I remember the picnics we had in the mountains and how invigorating the air was, and how good the food smelled, especially the coffee, cooking over an open fire. There is something special about the smell of coffee made outdoors, something that is never quite caught in the kitchen. I remember the scrunch of the fallen oak leaves, and the dusty look the gnarled old oaks had. I remember how much fun it was to walk through the woods, disregarding the paths, and I remember the disastrous results of getting too close to poison oak. I remember the thrilling feeling of discovery that comes to one when he finds a stream or waterfall that he didn't know about. It was with a feeling of regret that I left Santa Barbara, but I think it will always be home to me.

## Shadows and Their Meanings

By Joshua Alpern

IN the village of Erryium there is nothing unusual. Its sole claim to distinction is its extreme simplicity. Perhaps I should not say "sole" for Erryium is an ancient village, and as such, innumerable stories are whispered about by its inhabitants, all of these legends centering about the moon. The moon, you see, is the main attraction of Erryium.

On the particular night of which I am going to speak the moon had reached the peak of its magnetic appeal. It loomed as huge as a giant ball, and its color was neither the dull yellow nor orange tint it sometimes has, but a hard almost metallic, silvery white. It emitted sharp, dagger-like fingers of blue light, which cut the thickness of the night like a two-edged sword and cast weird shadows on the otherwise darkened earth.

I was sitting in my study, facing the window, through which the moonlight streamed upon my desk. As the clouds flitted past the face of the moon, vague and misty shadows were formed on the polished surface of the desk. By letting my imagination play, I found that watching them was a rather pleasant pastime. I could see the faces of my friends and acquaintances, faces of people I had admired or hated, faces, even, of people who had at one time or another played the minutest roles in my life. A memory with each cloud, and a dead forgotten hour revived with each fresh beam of light.

But my agreeable reveries were suddenly interrupted. I was disturbed by the appearance of a man's silhouette on the background of bluish light. It was at an angle between a full face and a profile, and one could just barely make out a hooked and somewhat slanted nose, together with the wide brim of a low-crowned hat. I looked up into the infinite heavens to discover what had enabled

it to be so clear, but the moon was uncovered, and when I looked down again, the shadow was gone. The cloud must have slipped away too quickly.

The incident caused me much uneasiness, as the profile belonged to a man whom I did not care to think of, much less to remember. My relations with him were not among those memories which are reopened and reviewed each year with increasing pleasure. Rather they were of the sort which are best hidden in the darkest and most unfrequented nook of the mind.

I had met him one spring day at an isolated mountain resort in Switzerland. He was assigned to my table, and from the first moment I disliked him. With his pushing ways, he was not the type to be embarrassed by a first meeting. He immediately began to talk in his bluff manner.

"My name is Reinhold Rothmar," he said. Those were his first words, and they were his second, third and fourth words. Reinhold Rothmar was the sole subject of his conversation. Reinhold Rothmar in Germany, Reinhold Rothmar in life, Reinhold Rothmar in every minute and second of the day was the center, the point of focus of his thoughts and world. In fact, he was his own world. He was conceited and overbearing,—the personification of an egotistical bully.

At the time I met him I was practically out of funds, and as my desperation grew, my hatred of Rothmar increased. He seemed so smug, so self-assured, so complacent. He flaunted his money, and always carried a large bank roll on his person.

One day I lured him to a quiet spot in the mountains, and there I hit him on the back of the head with a jagged rock.

I took the money, and rolled his body



down the sharp incline. Then I ran back to the hotel where I locked myself in.

I spent that day in dreadful, almost unbearable suspense, always expecting a heavy knock at the door. But none came. Everything worked out perfectly.

After this affair, I was reasonably well off, but in a terrible mental disorder. So I began to travel, and that is how I came to Erryium. You see Erryium with its solitude and quiet, was indeed attractive to me.

But I am afraid I have wandered more than I intended. We had better get back to my study.

I continued to watch the passing shadows for quite some time after the appearance of Rothmar's silhouette; however, I was no longer interested in watching. I just sat there and dreamed. Then I was startled from my chair by the sudden appearance of Rothmar's shadow. It was so clear and distinct I could almost believe it was he. I glanced up at the moon, and my heart began to beat like a trip-hammer. There were no clouds over the moon. It was burning in all its glory in clear, blue, empty space.

I glanced down again, and the flood of yellow light at my feet answered the half-formed question that was churning in my

mind. The door to the study had been opened, and the silhouette was being caused by someone's standing behind me, blocking the path of the light which poured in from the outer room. I could hear my heart repeating, "Rothmar is dead. Rothmar is dead," but I could almost feel his breath on the back of my neck. I grasped the arm-rests and tried to raise myself, and my face brushed against his hand. I sank back into my chair. Breathing became more and more difficult, and the room swirled around with everything screaming, "Reinhold Rothmar, Reinhold Rothmar"—and then all stood still as if dead, and I remembered no more.

I wasn't a pleasant sight when they found me the next day. My eyes were bulging; my lips and face were a livid purple; clotted (or coagulated) blood covered my shirt front and the once smoothly polished surface of my desk. The coroner ascribed my death to a fit of apoplexy due to a sudden, inexplicable mental shock.

It was all so simple. Everything in Erryium is simple, the moon, the clouds, the shadow. Nothing is unusual. My arrival, my passing, and my departure—just another rumor to be whispered by the simple inhabitants of Erryium.

## What I Like About P. H. S.

The way sophomores blush guiltily when a milk bottle is broken—the look Mr. Gorman gives when we don't keep quiet in the auditorium—the chandeliers in the lobby—the telephones in any room—the daily bulletin and seven period days—the teachers who do defense work after school—THE STUDENT'S PEN—the endless flights of stairs—the unused elevator—the way "steadies" walk down the corridors, hand in hand—the quiet

silence of corridors at 3.00—the pell mell rush to the cafeteria at noon time—the dizzy moron jokes still going around—the Frank Sinatra swooners and Bing Crosby crooners—the woe-begone faces after departmentals—library slips—the rattling of locker doors—the chemistry experiments—the Jolly Juniors—the ivied-covered walls—All this, and Mr. Strout, too!

## Weeping Women

By Edith Abrams

On the very moment I came into this world, I delivered an oration, informing the doctor and nurses that I was a normal human being. It was very lengthy and most dissonant. You see, at this early age I had not learned the art of crying.

Since that blessed day, many years have flown by. In the interval I have forgotten the way in which I first walked, the way I once ate, the way I fought with my cousin—the way I left my playthings scattered about the floor. But—I have not forgotten how to cry.

Now at the romantic stage of "sweet sixteen", I love to see heartbreaking pictures and lament because the hero was killed. Only the other day, Betty and I saw a tear stirring film. We were greatly moved by an ardent love scene. We wept, we wept, and we wept—for a full ten minutes. But not in vain, for the harder we wept, the more contented and joyous we became. At length Betty burst out with an unrestrained weeping—or should I say blubbering. Her tearful utterances were audible throughout the theater. One would sympathize with the young miss, if she wished to weep for her own consolation, but she didn't have to console the whole audience. The group of people who encircled us glared murderously at Betty and me. Can you blame them for considering mayhem?

What a day! What a day! What a beautiful day! The scene has now changed from a movie house to a railroad station, at which place stands our persona of this anecdote. She has a twinkle in her eye, and a broad grin on her face, as she impatiently awaits her boy friend. The train whistles far down the track, and a few minutes later it pulls into the station. The girl is so ineffably happy that she almost shrieks with joy. The boy friend descends from the train and greets her with a

short "hello" and a warm embrace—or should I say a warm "hello" and a short embrace? Stepping a few paces back to look at her, he finds tears—tears of happiness—streaming down her cheeks. She is crying. The boy friend is amazed, but who is he to be the iconoclast and understand women?

All down through the ages a woman's tears have been her most effective weapon. Sometimes you make good use of them yourself. You learn that Susy Brown is going out of town during the Christmas vacation. So—you approach your parents to see if you may take a trip, too, but at a very inopportune moment—the time when your mother has just charcoaled the ends of the steak, and your father is famished. Their reply to your inquiry is a positive "no." One measure is left to take—cry. And so, with the aid of tears and your parents' affection, you take a trip for yourself.

P. S. There are many more unwarranted uses for tears, but why should I give my secrets away?

## SPRING

By James Robinson

The seasons come, the seasons go,  
Gone are the biting winds and snow;  
A breath of Spring is in the air,  
A restless stirring is everywhere.

The sun is bright in the azure sky  
The birds are winging their way on high  
Adventurous buds are bursting wide  
And signs of Spring are on every side.

The grass shows tender blades of green,  
Crocuses blooming will soon be seen,  
Warm, sweet breezes blow over the land  
As once more Spring greets us on every hand.





S/SGT. BARTON MUMAW  
in Olympic Banner-Bearer

Shapiro

## Berkshire Dance Panorama

By Robert A. Fahey

NINE miles east of Lee, atop a lofty mountain, there is located a 200-acre farm-estate, chartered by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and owned by the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, Inc. It was back in 1930 that Ted Shawn purchased the place, remodelled the barn into a studio and made the main house (used as a station on the Civil War's Underground Railway) livable. Later he brought there eight male athlete-dancers from his class of five hundred at Springfield College. They farmed; trained for, and presented weekly lecture-demonstrations—a challenging idea fulfilled. When the troupe disbanded in the Spring of 1940, the farm was leased in turn to Mary W. Ball and the Ballet

Theater, both of whom conducted schools and festivals. It was high time that something permanent was formed.

To this end a committee of interested Berkshire people met in the autumn of 1941 and held a nation-wide campaign. They bought Jacob's Pillow, appointed Mr. Shawn artistic director, and chose Joseph Franz to design a theater especially for dancing.

The season of 1942 was accordingly the best to date. What had been the school grew into a virtual University of the Dance, with a faculty including Mme. Nijinska, Dr. Anne Schley Duggan, Margaret H'Doubler of the University of Wisconsin, Elizabeth Waters. Mary Campbell headed a music department;

and Joseph Pilates, a course in corrective gymnastics. The Festival's theme was *The American Dance—Its Sources and Influences*, colorfully conceived and produced. On the opening bill appeared square dancers from Otis and Becket, concert folk pieces by Shawn, and Agnes de Mille in a dialogue ballet of her own creation. Spanish peasants shared the footlights with oriental Natya dancers, and African warriors with classic ballets on succeeding week-ends. Performers ranged from Argentinita and Ruth St. Denis to Sgt. Barton Mumaw, on furlough. Such was the richness of scope.

In looking ahead, Jacob's Pillow plans a rehabilitation program for returning soldier-dancers—whereby their physical and technical strength may be regained in a familiar atmosphere. Many have considered the place a spiritual home, and with the proper help this great plan should materialize. Meanwhile, the past two seasons, although curtailed, have boasted such artists as Arthur Mahoney and Thalia Mara, the Hallenbeck duo, La Meri, an electric ballerina named

Krassovska, and Shawn himself. Probably this summer's list will remain the same.

Dancing is perhaps the only art that demands continuous contact between pupil and teacher if it is to survive. The Pillow students represent many states, as well as Canada and Mexico. They are diligent workers. And—to name but two of many—one predicts fine careers for Kay Ullrich and Harding Dorn (the latter now with Ballet Russe). In conclusion, Mr. Shawn's own views follow: "I feel that we Americans are fighting to preserve a way of life, but that we must preserve that way of life while we are fighting for it. We cannot cut off the life-line of art activity for the duration of the war and expect to find art still in existence when we want it again at the war's end, nor can we bar dance education from the student and expect to have great dancers and choreographers for the future. We must continue to foster dance and all art; otherwise we will bequeath to a succeeding generation a way of life that is barren of culture."

## The Moron Ghost

By Florence Waszkelewicz

SOMEONE was once stupid enough to say in my presence, "There is no such thing as a Moron Ghost." If there is anything that arouses my fighting spirit, it is an insult to the Moron Ghost.

He lives, works, and plays just as we do, only more so. Here are a few facts to prove my point. His mother and father are transients and they called him "their little Baby Boo." Now he lives in a second story apartment over a vacant lot and calls his home "Inner Sanctum."

His breakfast consists of Ghost Toasties, evaporated milk and doughnut holes. Off to work he goes—making rimless glasses with invisible lens. At lunch he meets his best

friend, the Invisible Man. He then takes a noonday siesta with his favorite cigarette, Old Ghould, in his mouth, and his favorite magazine, Saturday Evening Ghost, in his hand. He likes to read between the lines of the unwritten laws. In the evening he calls on his lady love and whispers sweet nothings into her ear. If he spends the evening at home, he plays with his pets, the Purple Cow and the Pink Elephant, or busies himself in his favorite hobby, collecting smoke rings. When he retires, he uses the favorite cosmetic, vanishing cream.

In the meantime, he's still looking for a keyhole in a lock of hair and a sleeve in a coat of tan.



## LIBRARY COLUMN

*Beethoven: Master Musician*

By Madelaine Goss

Reviewed by Estelle Alfonse

MADELAINE GOSS has succeeded in making the destitution and bitter sorrow which constantly darkened the Master Musician's life very real to the reader. From the time of his birth on December 16, 1770, in a tiny garret in Bonn, the grief and unhappiness of his mother and the uselessness of his father cast a cloak of foreboding and hardship on the life of Ludwig Van Beethoven.

As a child he spent all his time in the woods, listening to the beautiful music of the brook, the leaves and the wind. Maria-Magdalena found that only by calling on his strong love for her could she keep him at home on unpleasant days.

When he grew older his uncomely appearance made him shy and reserved. His two younger brothers constantly took advantage of the deep, sincere love he felt for them. One of Beethoven's few joys in life was his music. He spent many hours every day in practicing and composing, and soon gained much praise for his excellent works.

The deaths of his mother and infant sister, quickly followed by that of his father, set Ludwig free to pursue his musical desires in Vienna. Once there he received constant aid and encouragement from the Prince and Princess. But in spite of his huge successes, Beethoven was always lacking in funds. He was greatly criticized for his queer manners and shabby dress.

Because he had few friends and was always lonely, he searched longingly for someone to fill his mother's place. At times he found himself deeply and sincerely in love, only to have his emotions unreturned or even spurned. In his bitterness his only solace was in his music. He decided at last that his life must be dedicated only to his music. Consequently he began to write more and more, expressing in his music the love he had been denied. Beethoven also aided many young musicians who were later to become as renowned as he.

But even his enjoyment of music was to be lessened and almost denied him, for before his death he became totally deaf and almost blind.

On March 26, 1827 a strange storm shook the city of Vienna. Snow fell in heavy flakes and violent thunder clapped across the sky. Lightning lit the room in Schwarzenhausen, where Ludwig Van Beethoven, Master Musician, lay dying in poverty and neglect. But at last he was free of the hurt and ridicule he had had to suffer.

Margaret Goss presents a deeply human picture of the Master, which is interesting and appealing not only to musicians but to casual readers. "Beethoven: Master Musician" should be a "MUST" on your list.

P. S. A word to the book-wise: be sure to put your name on the reserve list in the school library.

*Anna and The King of Siam*

By Margaret Landon

Reviewed By Eleanor St. Clair

TO read such a story as "Anna and the King of Siam" is a rare treat for anyone. Only occasionally, if ever, can one find such a stirring story of the inner life and activities of an Oriental court, not only based on facts, but also written in such a breathtaking manner.

King Mongkut, in the eighteen sixties, engaged an English woman, Anna Leonowens, as a governess and secretary . . . her duties being chiefly to teach his many children and the ladies of his household the English language and to manage his correspondence with foreign diplomats and rulers. Anna remained in Siam for five difficult years, and in that space of time experienced more adventures than can be imagined.

Read about the first night Anna and her son spent in Bangkok, and the strange customs and people with whom they came in contact. Read about the cremation of a queen, and the description of the Siamese graveyards. Read about the horrible tortures of an innocent princess; of Anna's success in freeing a Siamese friend from the prison dungeon; and the amusing incidents that accompanied the missing of the King's spectacles. Read of the other countless adventures Anna became involved in, and then see if you, too, don't recommend this book to your friends as others are doing.

*Syrian Yankee*

By Salom Rizk

Reviewed by Carolyn J. Blowe

SALOM RIZK, the author of "Syrian Yankee", needs no introduction to the students of Pittsfield High School. His appearance before the student body on January 15 will long be remembered for the captivating style in which he gave a brief sketch of his life.

At the close of the assembly, Mr. Rizk presented to the school library a copy of his most recent book "Syrian Yankee". This story of his adventurous journey from his birthplace, Syria, to the land of his dreams, America, and of his rise to his present day position is told in the same colorful manner with which he fascinates his audiences.

An orphan boy of fourteen, Salom Rizk was leading a pitiful existence in Syria when he learned, by chance, that although he was a native Syrian, his mother, visiting in that country at the time of his birth, was an

American, and, therefore, he was a citizen of that far-off land across the sea.

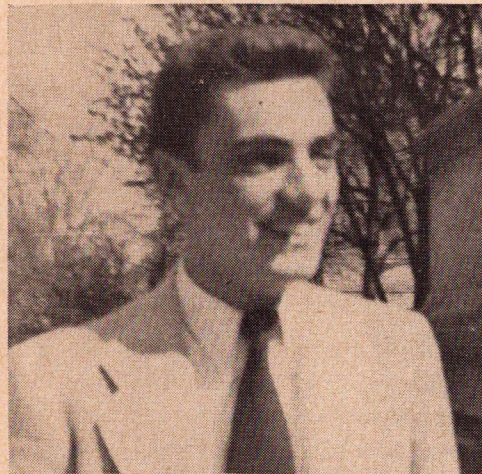
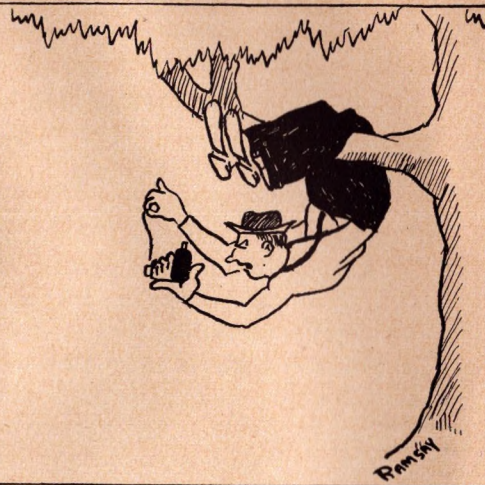
From that time on, Salom turned every effort and thought toward making his way to his new home. But what barriers stood in his path not even Salom could imagine!

However, he overcame these obstacles and arrived in New York unable to speak a word of English. After journeying across the continent to Sioux City, Salom began his new life in this strange land of America.

One chapter of the book, "A Dishwasher Addresses Rotary", which Mr. Rizk recommended in his lecture to us, describes his first experience in public speaking in this country. When the entire Rotary group rose and applauded him lustily, Salom Rizk with great modesty explained, "I knew they were not applauding me. They were applauding America, the land where something like this could happen to anybody."



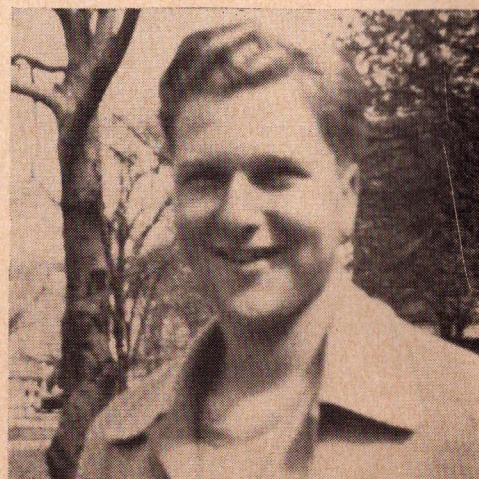
# WHO'S WHO



MICHAEL SPRING

## "FLASH" GORDON

If an argument is heard in the halls, you are sure to find Leonard Gordon in the midst of it, for this capable and witty young gentleman is the president of the Debating Club besides holding the position of Humor Editor of THE PEN. His favorite sport is skiing, while steak followed by a big slice of mince pie is the tops in the food line. Harry James and girls strictly slender, tender, and tall occupy much of his leisure time. His ambition is indefinite at the moment, but whatever he undertakes we know he will make a success of it.



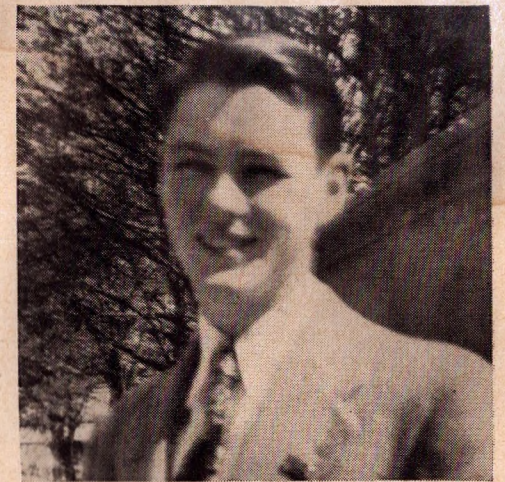
LEONARD GORDON

## SPRING IS HERE

That good-natured fellow with the winning smile is Mike Spring, vice-president of the Senior Class and member of Torch Hi-Y. Mike likes to play basketball and softball, but his favorite sport is horseback riding. Spaghetti and meatballs rate high with him, and his favorite pastime is none other than going out with a certain freshman whose initials, we discovered, are L. E. M. In the near future Mike plans to study for the priesthood. That's a very admirable vocation, Mike. Good luck!

## SPORT'S EDITOR

Students (?), meet Warren Harmon, our hard working, ever faithful Sport's Editor of THE PEN. This versatile junior has a variety of activities. First place comes eating, with brownies and ice cream having a high priority, then music, for which he shows special talent in playing the trombone. Warren's favorite subject is Spanish (the teacher we bet), and the young gentleman claims brunettes rate tops (prejudiced?). Along with writing sports, he also participates in them, being a pole vaulter on the track team. Another activity is being chaplain for Torch Hi-Y. Warren's ambition in later life is to be a forest ranger. To be? A very successful one!



WARREN HARMON



CHUCK VOLK

## RING COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN

Introducing Chuck Volk, who is chairman of the ring committee and president of Torch Hi-Y. On his "favorite list" are strawberry shortcake, dill pickles, swimming, algebra, and a certain brunette (three guesses who). His pet peeve is a certain teacher (ask Chuck for further information.) When Chuck gets out of school, he hopes to join the Navy. After that, his ambition is to be a "man".

## MAY-QUEEN

Meet Jean May, the pert and pretty senior with the fetching smile. This young lady just loves school, her favorite subject being study hall! Among her activities are a Capella Choir, Glee Club, co-editor of STUDENT'S PEN School Notes, recording secretary for the Motion Picture Club, and chaplain of Beta Tri Hi-Y.

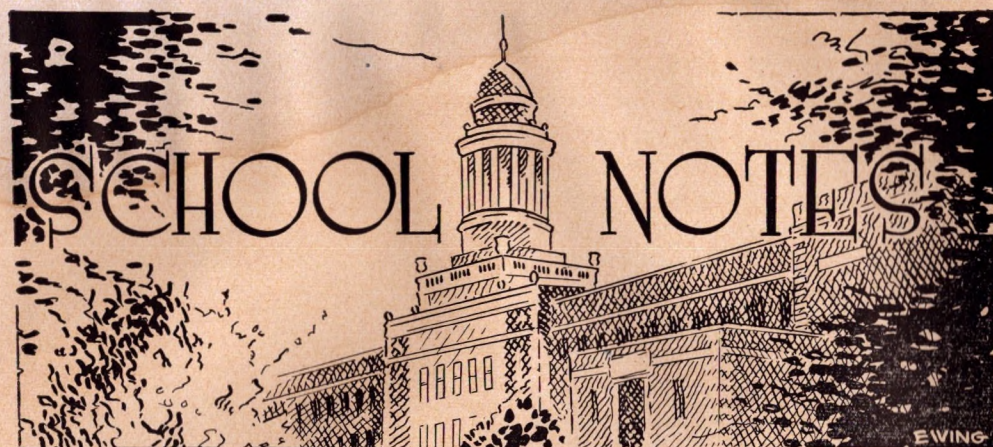
Her favorite sports are skiing, skating, and swimming, and we've heard she does all three at Bousquet's.

After graduation, she plans to go either to Bates or to Russell Bous—pardon me, Russell Sage College.



JEAN MAY





### WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

On your toes everybody! The Seventh War Loan Drive is just around the corner! It is scheduled to extend from mid May through June, but an extended accounting period has been decided upon to include April sales.

As we pick up a newspaper in these crucial days we see spread over the front pages heart-warming news of the vast gains and victories made by the Allies in all the theatres of this World War. To help our boys over there make this present drive the final blow on the enemy, we must stand behind them and give them every bit of support that we possibly can. We can best accomplish this by helping to make this Seventh War Loan Drive a complete success.

What do you say everyone—let's let those boys over there know that we're supporting them back home one hundred percent.

The following rooms are 100% in the sale of war stamps for the month of March: 9B, 14, 101, 107, 110, 138, 140, 142, 143, 145, 147, 149, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 212, 231, 233, 236, 238, 239, 240, 241, 243, 302, 303, 305, 332, 333, 335, 337, and 344. Rooms 208 and 242 are 90% and above. Rooms 102, 103, 104, 105, 137, 148, 235, and 341 are below 90%.

### CHORAL CONCERT

The annual Choral Concert will be presented on May 18th in the P. H. S. auditorium at 8.15 o'clock under the direction of F. Carl Gorman.

The evening's program will be given in three parts:

- I—Glee Club
- II—Solos from "Ruddigore"
- III—A Capella Choir

In parts I and III, four solos will be heard. Eileen Costello will sing "Last Night the Nightingale Woke Me", Theresa Gauvreau—"Almighty Lord", Kathy Marvos—"Gypsy Song" from Carmen, and Jean C. May—"Habanera" from Carmen.

Those solos to be heard in Part II will be sung by the cast of "Ruddigore"—Evelyn Tainter, Eileen Costello, Evelyn Seagrave, Earl Proper, Donald Davis, Christopher Barreca, Roger Petell, and William Prendergast.

Betty Pucko and Ruth Milne will be the accompanists for the evening.

Tickets will be on sale and may be obtained from any member of the Glee Club or from Mr. Harold Hennessy.

The program promises to be an enjoyable one, so be sure to come.

Remember the date—May 18th!!

April, 1945

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### HI-Y AND TRI-HI-Y NEWS

Let's tune in on the news of the Hi-Y and Tri-Hi-Y clubs.

The Good Friday morning breakfast was a great success. Approximately 150 enjoyed a delicious breakfast and an interesting program.

Members of Gamma recently entertained their mothers at a tea. The girls also contributed generously to the United Nation's Clothing Collection.

Most of the clubs will have their pictures taken soon. Alpha has already made its arrangements.

April is a month of many events. Beta girls invited their favorite beaux to a hay ride, picnic supper, and dancing on April 19th. Seniors' dance was on April 13th. Plans for Delta's April Showers dance are well under way as THE PEN goes to press, and we know it will be a great success.

April 25th saw a meeting of all Hi-Y and Tri-Hi-Y clubs with Mr. John H. Lehman as special guest. This very important meeting proved to be an enjoyable get-together.

With these activities lined up, the "Y" continues to be the center of activity for students at P. H. S.

### DEBATING CLUB NEWS

On April 12, the Pittsfield High School Debating Club gave a discussion at a meeting of the local Rotary Club, in the Wendell-Sheraton Hotel. The subject of the discussion was, "Universal Military Training in the Post-war Period." Taking part for the affirmative were Leonard Gordon and Paul Rich, while Alden Brosseau and Donald Broverman held up the honors for the negative. The club adviser, Mr. Joseph McGovern, acted as moderator.

An invitation to take part in a discussion with the Lee Debating Club at Lee has been received and accepted. Plans for the meet are being made.



### GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE FACULTY

This is one teacher, who, I am certain, needs no introduction to the students of P. H. S. She guards the first two lunches faithfully every day and simply "loves" to hear the crashing of milk bottles. Miss Conlon, of Room 236, teaches the most beloved of all subjects—Latin!

Miss Conlon has two hobbies. One is reading biographies and novels, the other is flower gardening. She likes her flowers so well that she enjoys even the weeding of them. Miss Conlon's sentiment is reflected in her preference of flower, the modest and beautiful violet.

One of Miss Conlon's favorite subjects in high school was "Math"! (Really!) However, even though she enjoyed mathematics, English Literature proved more fascinating, and Miss Conlon was destined by her classmates for a literary career upon her graduation from the College of New Rochelle. So, Latin students, don't think Miss Conlon's ability is limited to Latin only!

One other thing—Miss Conlon learns from her pupils, and enjoys visiting with anyone who comes to her. If you have some spare time some day after school, drop in and have a chat with her. You have a pleasant half hour ahead of you.





### JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

In a recent election, the Junior Class chose William Adams as chairman of the Junior Prom, which will be held on May 11. Kay Byrne is head of publicity; Marty Pullano, decorations; Joe Bolster, tickets; Mary Ellen Criscitiello, program; Florence Bushey, invitations; Elaine Barnes, reception; Dick Lederer, music; Rita Shelsey, refreshments; and Bill Gruning, house. This affair promises to be a grand success, so all you fellows, ask your girls early!!

### ASSEMBLIES

The students of Pittsfield High School were privileged to see on April 11 L. Raymond Cox and his company of Wonder Workers.

Mr. Cox appeared the night before at the A.I.E.E. Lecture course and was held over to appear before all pupils of Pittsfield High School who had brought in thirty-five pounds of waste paper or contributed twenty-five cents or more to the Red Cross collection.

Mr. Cox is well known throughout this country as an expert showman and he presented a program full of illusions, novelties, and surprises.

One of the most outstanding features of the show was the disappearance of a ring,

taken from a girl in the audience, which finally turned up in a locked box.

Trained Mexican doves that performed on merry-go-rounds, ferris wheels, balls, and barrels were part of the show and they proved a source of great amusement.

Sawing a lady's head off has always been a popular and publicized illusion and Mr. Cox presented his own successful version of it.

After an hour's entertainment we indeed felt that Mr. Cox was one of the best performers ever to come before us.

Mr. Robert Zimmerman spoke to us March 29 on "Deep Sea Diving."

One of the most interesting things that Mr. Zimmerman told us about was his miniature home built under the sea and his plans to build another larger house on the Florida Coast after the war.

Our speaker told us about many different types of fish which are dangerous and others which are wrongly considered deadly.

The many hair-raising stories he told, about the dangers of deep sea diving proved very interesting and showed what these men had to face under the sea.

Memorial services for President Roosevelt were held in the auditorium of P. H. S. on April 13, 1945. The program was organized by several pupils with the aid of Mr. Strout, Miss Pfeiffer, and Mr. Joyce. Thomas Evans President of the Class of 1945 presided, and William Hearn, President of the Class of 1946, read the 23rd and 121st Psalms. "The Lord's Prayer" was beautifully and reverently sung by Evelyn Tainter, and Alden Brosseau gave a fitting tribute to the departed President. Mr. Strout expressed his pride in the sincerity of the program, and after a few minutes of profound silence, the impressive ceremony was concluded with the entire student body singing "The Star Spangled Banner."

### BACK IN THE FOLD—MR. CONROY

We are indeed fortunate and glad to have back as a member of the P. H. S. faculty, Mr. James Conroy.

Mr. Conroy entered the service on September 17, 1942, and served as a Technical Sergeant in the Chemical Warfare branch of the Army Air Corps. He was first sent to Camp Devens, following which he was assigned to Atlantic City. He later served at Lincoln and Grand Islands, Nebraska, and at Greensboro, N. C.

He taught for two years, then was made a 1st Sergeant in charge of the Chemical Warfare office in Atlantic City.

Among his unusual experiences while in the service, was his meeting a former P. H. S. student, an officer at the time, whom he had to salute.

Though he found his Army life very interesting and educational, Mr. Conroy tells us he is glad to be back at P. H. S. We, students and members of the faculty alike, are glad to have him back, I'm sure!

### VOCATIONAL NEWS

By Donald Sweeney & Arnold Robinson

Through the cooperation of several of the vocational shops, the drafting class has a new set of three developing trays for washing and developing blueprints. The drafting class supplied blueprints, sheet metal formed the metal trays, the woodworking department made the frames, the welding department welded the seams, and the machine shop made the drain fittings. The city plumber did the plumbing.

Two display racks were also made: one to display drawings and other printed material. The drawing display rack is constructed like a screen with three celotex panels. The frame is made of wood. The rack for printed material is of hexagonal top and bottom. Shelves protrude in a spiral from the top to the bottom. These were also cooperative projects.

Most of the shops have boys going into the armed service. Among these are Ronald Ashton (coastguard); Robert Smith, Brian Mochon, Drano Barcola, and Dick Marcoux (all Navy); Ray Sears (Army).

### IDEAL GIRL and IDEAL BOY

As our wandering PEN reporter went daydreaming around P. H. S. she picked up a smile here, a voice there, and finally summed it all up in the Ideal Girl and Ideal Boy of P. H. S.:

hair .....	Charlotte Leavitt	Mickey McColgan
eyes .....	Marjorie Hocter	Marny Wood
teeth .....	Claire McEachron	Ken Turner
smile .....	Ruth Powell	Bob May
complexion .....	Leona Cone	Damon Phinney
brains .....	Betty Secunda	Bill Klienhandler
figure .....	Lois Naeve	(physique) Bob Salvadori
voice .....	Eileen Costello	Earl Proper
personality .....	Leatrice Crown	Don Broverman
wit .....	Rita Shelsey	"Murph" Connors
dancing .....	Anne La Porte	Francis Cronin
clothes .....	Connie Biedrzcki	Howard Gleason
athlete .....	Peggy Head	Al Latano
"Sinatra swooner" .....	Irene Pompi	Guilo DeFazio





### ORCHESTRA CONCERT

Punctually at 8.15 o'clock on April 18th, Mr. Carl F. Gorman made his entrance on the stage of the P. H. S. auditorium to conduct the annual Orchestra Concert.

The first selection on the program, "L'Arlesienne Suite, No. I" by Bizet, was handled skilfully by the forty piece orchestra, the string section predominating.

The deft "Valse Trieste" by Sibelius, a well known and greatly loved melody, was performed with excellent timing and gave proof of the good training of these high school musicians.

Miss Betty Secunda, a very promising violinist, played Mozart's "Violin Concerto in A Major" with feeling and ardent zeal. The concertmaster, Miss Dolores Clarke, gave sweet and clear tones in her

rendition of Mendelssohn's "Violin Concerto in E Minor."

Selections from the famous opera "Carmen", the stirring "March of the Smugglers", the lively "Habanera", delightful "Gypsy Dance" and the exuberant "Toreador Song" concluded the evening's program.

In closing, Mr. Gorman told the audience of the need of a larger string section in the orchestra and encouraged parents to have their children take up those instruments.

The P. H. S. orchestra of '45 is the smallest in a good many years. This is partially due to the seven members who have left for the armed forces since the first of the year.

Congratulations and hearty applause should be given to Mr. Gorman and the orchestra for the really fine work performed at this concert.

### HERE AND THERE

Brud Broverman and Tom Evans are making plans for the Senior banquet "fast 'n furious", and Miss Kaliher—the adviser—is also in there pitching for the Class of '45.

Olga Dondi got the "nicest" (definitely superlative) telegram on her birthday—that Eddie is quite a guy!

P. H. S. girls went all out for Easter bonnets. You should have seen the "gardens" that Dede Parnell and Betty Burgess wore.

Chuck Almstead really slaves away on his biology notebook, strange as it may seem. Miss Davison—please note!

Marj Hoctor has conquered the heart of another sailor—it's a blond this time.

Did you ever see Margaret Sullivan's book of "Naughty Graphs"—that's a must do!

Doris Lutz gave a sigh of relief when the skiing season was over, and "Carrot" O'Hearn did likewise. Now they won't have to worry about breaking any more pairs of skis till next year.

Betty Monk is extremely "fond" of a speedy boy—yes! that Blanchard fellow is really quite a track star!

And whose is that luscious picture that Dot Milne just received—three guesses!

A cute and charming sophomore was given a surprise party by her friends. The occasion—her 16th birthday. More fun, huh, Ruth M.?!?

Congratulations to Bob Gibbs on his really fine orchestra. Good luck to you, Bob!

Ruth Earnshaw had a very blissful day, not so long ago. Yes, Bud was home on leave.

The chairman for the Senior Banquet and Dance have been announced. . . Donald Broverman and Dorothy Milne are co-chairmen for the Banquet and David Sullivan for the Dance.

The Yearbook of the Class of '45 has gone to press!!! Both Miss Pfeiffer and Bob Formel can breathe freely now!!

After the third term report card marks come out, the Pro Merito and honor list for the Class of '45 will be chosen. Every Senior is waiting anxiously for the results.

### MOTION PICTURE CLUB NEWS

At the last meeting of the Motion Picture Club on March 23rd, the movies "Winged Victory" (Lon McAllister) and "Wuthering Heights" (Merle O'Beron, Laurence Olivier) were reported on and discussed by the members and their adviser, Miss Hodges.

Lorraine Rozon was elected chairman of the Reporting Committee. At the request of the President, Joshua Alpern, Lorraine gave an account of the presentation of the "Oscars" for 1944 at the Annual Academy Award dinner. The winners were:

1. Best Actress—INGRID BERGMAN—"Gaslight"
2. Best Actor—BING CROSBY—"Going My Way"
3. Best Supporting Actress—ETHEL BARRYMORE—"None But the Lonely Heart"
4. Best Supporting Actor—BARRY FITZGERALD—"Going My Way"
5. Special Juvenile Award—MARGARET O'BRIEN.

Robertine Watson acquainted the club with the history of the Academy Awards.

At the next meeting the newly amended constitution for the club will be read.

### THE STUDENT'S COUNCIL

Pittsfield High has decided to establish a Student's Council from the student body to run certain activities of the school. First was chosen a general assembly made up of two representatives from every homeroom. From this assembly eight seniors, five juniors, and three sophomores were elected by the student body. This group will be known as the Student Council and will elect its own officers and make its own rules. We all hope this council will be successful in its undertakings.





### PLAY BALL—

By David L. Carpenter

Once again, with the arrival of the year's warmer months, the call has been sent out to the boys to come out on the diamond and "play ball".

Fifty-three boys turned out to try for the team, but this number was soon cut to thirty-eight by Coach Charles E. Stewart.

Pitcher seems to be the position which holds the most interest, our team having nine of them at the present time. George Ditmar and Robert (Bees) Prendergast seem to be the two who will carry most of the burden, although Art Ditmar, Armand Quadrozzi, John Goewey, Bob Heidel, and "Hap" King show some promise. Goewey and Heidel are juniors, both lefthanded, King, Ditmar, and Quadrozzi are sophomores, and the first two are righthanders, the third a southpaw. Besides these are Joe Galli, regular left fielder, and Bob Archambeault, who is also trying out for catcher and first base.

Also trying out for catcher are Emil Fontana, Albert Bianchi, and Vinnie Carpino.

Catching Coach Stewart's eye in the infield are Nick Mele, sophomore second baseman, Walt Robak and Jack Leahy, both juniors, trying to hold down the shortstop position, and Bobby Parker, sophomore third baseman. In addition to the above rookies, Mr. Stewart has Veterans Gifford (Snuffy) Potter at second base, Al Tataro at shortstop and Len Ginsberg at third.

About the only unsure position is first base which so far has not had any candidates that show too good prospects.

### TRACK OUTLOOK

By Warren Harmon

The track team is looking forward to a successful season with three scheduled meets, at Berkshire on May 5, Drury (at home) on May 19, and Hotchkiss on May 23, plus the big meet at Springfield on June 2, with several western Massachusetts schools participating. While having sufficient veteran material for many of the various events, there is still room for sophomores to come out and find what their particular skills may be. This early spring good weather will help to give the team a few days more practice time than was had last year and this will certainly help out.

The team has lost Jimmy Garivaltis and George Dyer, broad jumpers, Les Thebodo, high jumper, and Jay Corrinet, miler, who were all point winners of last year.

As it isn't known definitely who will do what, this is only a partial list of participants:

Mile—Damon Phinney, Joe Bolster, Norman Blanchard.

Half Mile—Chris Barrecca.

Quarter Mile—Don Broverman, Bill Kleinhandler.

100 and 220-Yard Dashes—Ugo Allesio, Al Bishop.

Hurdles—Bill Prendergast, Harry Isaksen.

Shot Put—Paul Rich, Leonard Gordon, Earl Proper.



1945 CHAMPIONS  
THE JUNIOR CLASS BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row: Anne LaPorte, Betty Limont, Pat Tierney, Jeanne Murphy, Marjorie Theboda.  
Second Row: Robertine Watson, Margaret Gibbs, Jean Homich, Carmina Zofrea.

Discus—Renton Carsley, Paul Rich.

Javelin—Augie Marra, Gene Gregory.

Pole Vault—Jerry Reder, Warren Harmon, Dave Thompson.

High Jump—Damon Phinney.

Broad Jump—Al Bishop.

### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

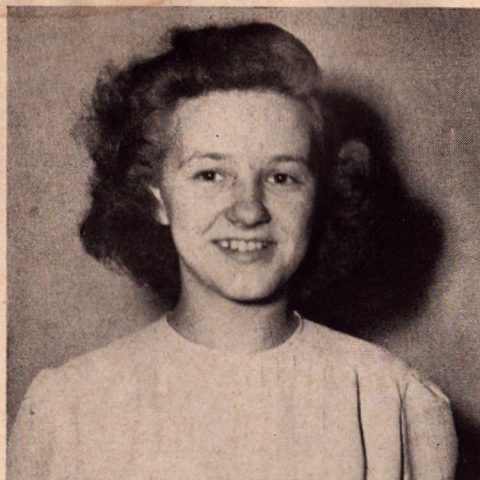
By Joan Coughlin

The basketball tournament was completed just before the Easter vacation, and the Junior Class won it by beating all of the other teams. This great Junior team won every game they played. The teamwork, accuracy and speed of this team was of the best and they richly deserved their victory. They beat the Sophomores easily and although they had

a little trouble with the Senior team they had enough spark to overcome it. On the winning team were: Pat Tierney and Betty Limont co-captains, Genevieve Hunt, Anne LaPorte, Jeanne Murphy, Carmina Zofrea, Jean Homick, Marjorie Theboda, Robertine Watson and Margaret Gibbs. Those composing the Senior team were: Dorothy Wallin, captain, Lois Brown, Therese Cullen, Jane Kruczkowski, Marie Massery, Jean Mazzacco Doris Lay, Bernice Kingsley, Anna Spagnulo, and Virginia Wyble. Included on the Sophomore team were: Anne Helliwell and Mildred Barnes co-captains, Janet Ellis, Pat May, Margaret Beahan, Rosemary Elworthy, Roslyn Felstein, Barbara Komuniecki and Rita Naranjo.



## STARS FROM THE GIRLS' GYM



## SHORT AND SWEET

Here, folks, is Lois Brown, a short senior with a long list of activities to her credit. Lois loves basketball and algebra, but thinks geometry is something that neither should be seen nor heard! Her favorite pastime is quibbling with Therese! Let's give a great hand to a little girl with a big future!

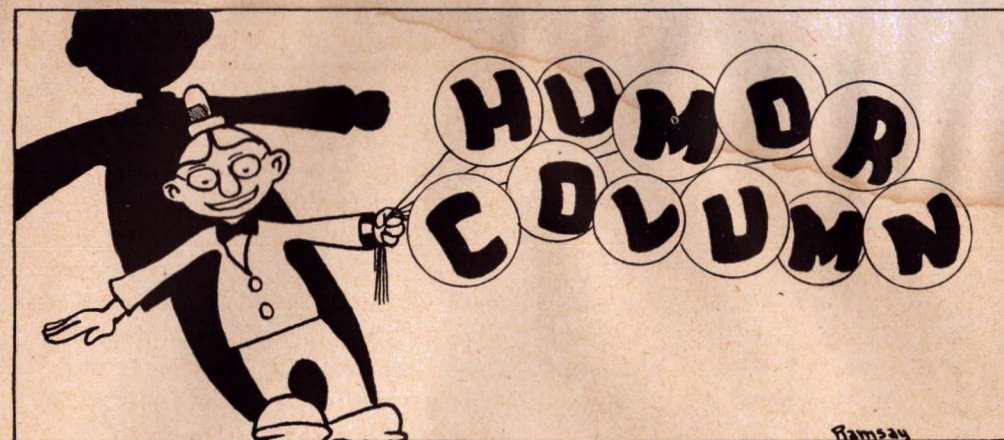
## MARTHA OVERBAUGH

A young lady who has made for herself quite a name in the gym is Martha Overbaugh. Martha was captain of Junior volleyball team and proved herself to be an able leader. Softball is her favorite sport, although she likes them all. We are sure Martha has a bright future ahead of her, because of her sunny disposition and her popularity with everyone with whom she comes in contact.



## ANN HELLIWELL

Presenting that popular sophomore known by all as Ann Helliwell. Ann's favorite sport is swimming. Currently she is participating in bowling and basketball. Believe it or not, she says her favorite subject is Latin, and although she likes her biology teacher, she doesn't like the subject. Here's wishing success to Ann in all undertakings at P. H. S.



B. Everhart: "Gee, I get a kick out of geometry."

B. Grant: "Are you serious, boy?"

B. Everhart: "Why, only today Mr. Geary hit me with an eraser!"

Peg Head: "Well, how did you hurt your leg?"

Dave Haylon: "See those steps over there?"

Peg Head: "Yes."

Dave Haylon: "Well, I didn't."

Tommy: "I used to be very nervous and jerky; but since I've taken this medicine I feel much better."

Dolly: "Yes, I've noticed you're not so nervous anymore."

Teacher to a low-bent character in the back of the room: "What date did the Civil War end?"

Character: "I dunno."

Teacher: "Well, who commanded the Armies at Gettysburg?"

Character: "Gee, I dunno."

Teacher: Goodness, how do you expect to pass if you don't know anything?"

(Our Friend again): "Look—I don't want to pass. I'm the janitor, and I'm fixing the radiator."

Bill Hearn: "Have you heard what's going around P.H.S.?"

Jean Cusato: "What?"

Bill Hearn: "Walls."

Mr. Goodwin: "The name of that constellation on the zodiac means, 'The man with the watering pot.'"

Joe Z.: "I guess he means the 'big dripper.'"

Mr. Hennessy: "I'm stiff from bowling."

J. H.: "Really! I'm Howard from Pittsfield."

Billy: "My love is like an electric shock."

Ann: "Really—well more power to you."

## TEACHERS' LAMENT

First-bell has rung,

The class has riz.

I wonder where their manners is.

Have you heard about the dumb Senior who has flunked so many times, that he is building a bookcase to hold his Yearbooks?

Miss Daly: "Yes, Halliburton swam through the Panama Canal."

Bill Adams: "Gee, what some guys won't do to save fare."



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Sealtest, Inc. and this company  
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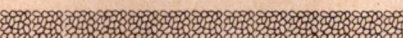
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"Lend me \$5 and I'll be everlastingly indebted to you."

"Yes, that's what I'm afraid of . . ."



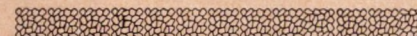
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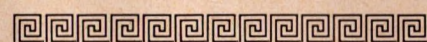
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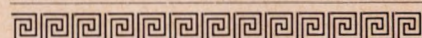
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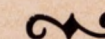
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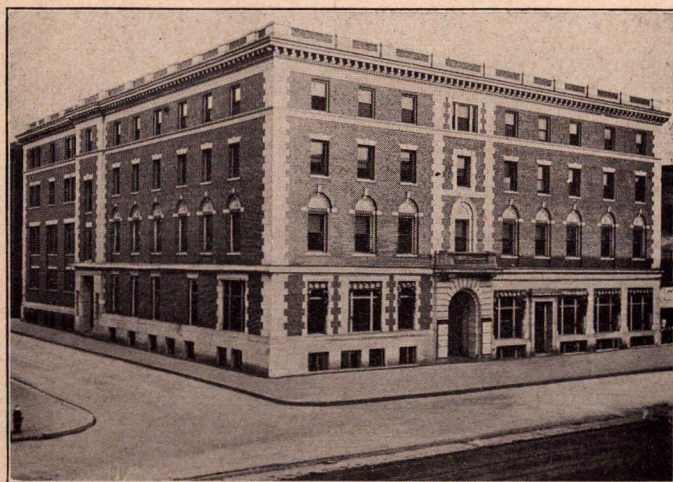
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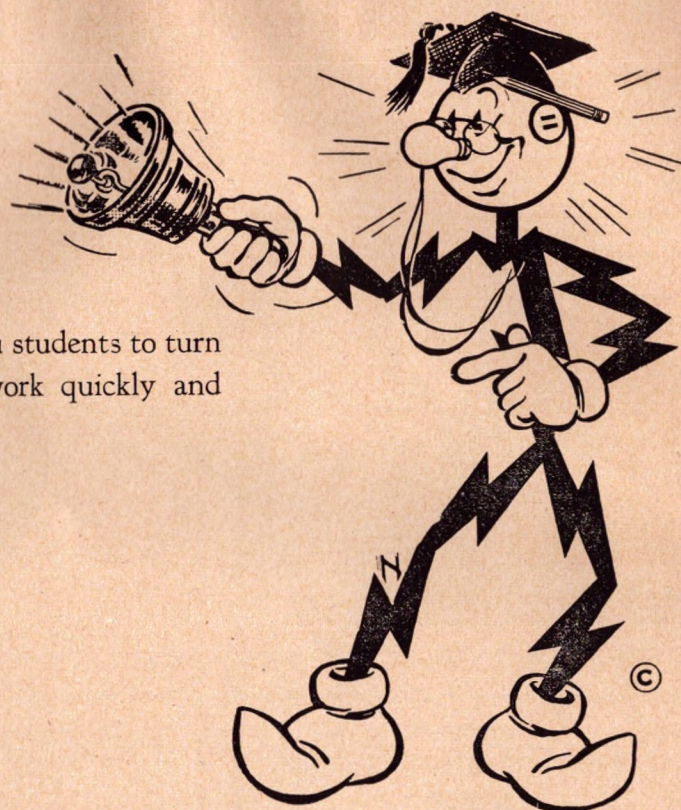
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April, 1945

As we bow our heads in sorrow for the death of our President we realize that twice within the first half of this century has this nation been forced to sacrifice the blood of the finest of its people and to spend countless sums of its substance and treasure and endure the trials of World Wars in order that the principles under which it was created and in the exercise of which it has become perhaps the most powerful in the world should not perish from the earth. And that in each of these struggles the very life of our leader has been sacrificed. Let those who question our contribution consider this—for no nation—friend or foe has been called upon to give in like measure. Let us here remember that in earlier times those principles were preserved and the right of human freedom established only after four terrible years of Civil War and that then too, the life of a great leader, perhaps the greatest humanitarian of modern times, was forfeited. Now as we pray for the departed let us also pray for the will and strength to carry on with redoubled determination that these sacrifices shall not have been in vain and that the principles for which they were made live and spread among the peoples of the earth and that the goals of our martyred dead shall be attained. Let us pray that our new government through Divine guidance may be granted the strength and wisdom to carry on to a Victory of Right and Justice for all peoples. The crimes and outrages committed against humanity by our present enemies are at times scarcely believable—their perpetrators must be punished and the philosophy which justifies them utterly destroyed and removed from this earth if the principle of the dignity of human life is to be preserved. To that principle, rather than revenge, let every effort be turned with renewed vigor. Revenge is human and the desire for it understandable, but it is at best only a hollow victory for to take a life is not to restore a life already taken nor will more destruction restore that which has already been destroyed. The struggle for the principles of Right and Justice has been long and painful, the progress slow and the setbacks many. But the goal is there—a little nearer and brighter as there grows on the consciousness of all peoples the conviction that this useless sacrifice and frightful carnage must cease—that nation must not war upon nation and that within the nations—group must not be pitted against group, class against class or brother against brother, lest civilization be lost to this earth.

*This message is sponsored by The Damon Pharmacy—Morningside's only representative of one of the world's oldest professions—one whose history is an unbroken record of alleviation of pain—the healing of the sick and the promotion of the general welfare of human kind.*





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